No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace cooſen, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile reade you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſtedfaſt footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night, or ſincke, or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more ſtirs
To rouſe a lyon than to ſtart a hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heauen me thinkes it were an eaſie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the palefac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good cooſen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I crie you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots that are your priſoners

Hot. Ile keepe them all;
By God he ſhall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would ſaue his ſoule he ſhall not.

Ile

Ile keepe them by th
Wor. You ſtart a
And lend no eare v
Thoſe priſoners you
Hot. Nay, I will:
He ſaid he would n
Forbad my tongue t
But I will finde him
And in his eare Ile h
Nay, ile haue a ſtarli
Nothing but Mortim
To keepe his anger
Wor. Heare you
Hot. All ſtudies
Saue how to gall an
And that ſame ſwor
But that I thinke hi
And would be glad
I would haue him p
Wor. Farewell ki
When you are bett
Nor. Why what a
Art thou? to breake
Tying thine eare to
Hot. Why looke
Netled, and ſtung w
Of this vile polititia
In Richards time, wh
A plague vpon it, it i
T'was where the ma
His vncle Yorke, wh
Vnto this king of ſm
Zblood, when you a
Nor. At Barkly
Why what a Candy
This fawning greyh
Looke when his infa
And gentle Harry P